

# Good Morning \$98

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

# WELCOME HOME "TALLY HO!"

"I had never seen a submarine come home before, I had never seen a pageant more thrilling, nor had I ever had a thrill with less pageantry," writes **RON RICHARDS**. The story he tells is an immortal epic of the sea.



THIS story is not going to be all about tea, but to put first things first I must start by recording that no finer cups of tea than those which Taffy brought to my bunk each morning have ever been poured from a pot. It wasn't that I needed them, of course; it was just that they saved my life each morning.

Now, that part was easy, but to tell you the whole story and not be called a flanneler again is difficult in the extreme.

His Majesty's Submarine "Tally Ho!" came home from the East, and for the first time I was included in the reception party, so believe me, gentlemen, there is not a word of flannel here.

It was Christmas card weather: the time was around twenty hours, it was snowing hard, and the moon directly overhead, bright and round. A

## Family Gossip for C.P.O.

### Douglas Reynolds

PERHAPS it's as well, Chief Petty Officer Douglas Reynolds, that you missed all the Christmas excitement at home, No. 8, Dalrymple-road, Bristol.

Your mother thinks you might have taken a poor view of the Red Indian antics of brother Terry in the front room.

You see, there was to be a concert at St. Barnabus' and Terry was busy rehearsing for it. Some very blood curdling yells and much knocking about of furniture was the inevitable result.

Terry, full of pep as ever, took his part as Red Indian in a play very seriously indeed. Indications were that he intended to make a realistic job of it.

And your sister Jeanette—she's ten now, of course—was to give a pianoforte duet with another girl at the same show.

Now you'll want to know just how your four other brothers and two sisters—quite a family eh?—are getting along.

Starting with "the baby," three-year-old Geoffrey is doing fine. He's always asking when you're likely to come home.

It looks as if your infantryman brother, Kenneth, is kept busy handing it out to Jerry. That's probably the reason why his letters home are now few and far between.

Your sisters Peggy (with the Royal Observer Corps somewhere along the Pembrokeshire coast) and Pat (with the W.A.A.F. in Worcestershire) are still doing their share to help finish the job.

Then there's Mervyn and Bernard. They're as keen as ever on the Boy Scouts.

Of course, dad is still keeping his secrets. For, although he goes to the dog-racing regularly, he flatly refuses to tell whether luck's in or out!

Yours, though, is a "safe bet." In fact, your mother wants you to know that your money is coming through regularly and is mounting up at the Bank.

group of senior officers donned great-coats and left the wardroom. At the south dock, night glasses were passed round and one of the party said, "There she is, sir." I could see no gaily beflagged submarine returning, nor could I hear cheers and a band. I saw only a red light and a smaller white light, and could hear nothing but the buzz of stamps in the snow of the welcome party.

Then a lorry engine sang out, and from it, lights that made the entire dock light as day. But all was quiet again until the thumping of the pilot's craft came into view. She turned round and was lost again.

Then the greatest thrill I remember.

A soft, clear, melodious voice of a Wren through the Tannoy system: "Hello, Tally-Ho!" — "Hello, Tally-Ho!" "Welcome home," "Tally-Ho!"

I had never seen a submarine come home before. I had never seen a pageant more thrilling, nor had I ever had a thrill with less pageantry. I could see her fully then, silhouetted against a bank of snow. She moved without effort, silently pushing aside layers of oily ice. As she neared her berth I saw half a dozen oddly-clad men throwing ropes and shouting such words as "Secure," "Belay," "For'wd," and these were punctuated with an odd curse or two.

I picked out the sharpened beard of Lt.-Commr. George Hunt—he was on the bridge, and had gone out to meet the boat. He was talking to Commander L. W. A. Bennington, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., the captain of "Tally-Ho!" who, fifteen years previously, had joined the Royal Navy as a rating.

THE captain came ashore, and I was introduced; the sincere congratulations of our editorial staff were received with a promise of a drink on that. The captain kept his word. . . . I was the first of the party to board, Leading Seaman Barker, I think, was the owner of the first hand I grasped. I found a strange gratification in the fact that he

was a fellow-Londoner. I also had a strong feeling of wonderment about his comment that the boys "were waiting for me down below."

The place didn't strike me as being much like home, though everything was upside down. I supposed most of them cursed me for breaking in at such a time, but when the buzz got around that I was from "Good Morning," a special sippers' session seemed to be the order, and I realised that they were going to work one or two off on me.

I got along to the wardroom (eventually) and Lieut. (Snoopy) Thurlow, R.N.R., was duty officer. Obviously, he knew I would never make the gangway, so he told me I was staying aboard for the night. That was Thursday. When I left on Sunday. . . .

But that is another story. I recall little of those four days but a few names. All the problems and requests that I fortunately jotted down, have been attended to by Muriel. More than that, well, my hosts will probably recall when the hammer in their heads stop beating. All I ask is that they are discreet in what they remember.

But I have some memories: I was unceremoniously buried in the snow; a patch of the very little hair I have left was removed by force in the Market Hotel one night. (How was your hair next day, Lt. Thurlow?)

I had the honour of meeting such personalities as Lt.-Commr. George Hunt, D.S.O., D.S.C., R.N., Lt. W. H. Kett, D.S.C., R.N.R., and Lt. Commr. A. D. Piper, D.S.C., R.N.R. I enjoyed some cherry brandy in the base wardroom, and I came away without paying my bill.

I HAD an interesting yarn with Lt. Bob Menzies during dinner; I told him I was marrying a Wren in June, and he gulped, saying, "Never mind, have a drink and don't worry until the time comes."

And talking of Wrens, a party met the boat the day after her arrival. Then there were a lot more parties. . . . Remember those "Whacko" girls, Mary, Wrothie and the nurse, Kay? Or have I got

The Commanding Officer of H.M. Submarine "Tally Ho!" with his officers on the bridge. Left to right: Lieut. S. A. Warner, D.S.C., R.N.; Lieut. C. T. M. Thurlow, R.N.R.; Lieut. P. J. Rouse, R.N.; Commander L. W. A. Bennington, D.S.O. and Bar, D.S.C. and Bar, R.N.; Lieut. P. D. Scott Maxwell, D.S.C., R.N., and Lieut. L. D. Hamlyn, R.N.

the names wrongly, Lieut. Warner?

Again talking of Wrens, have you seen the visitors' book aboard "Tally-Ho!"? I think going east can't be such a bad thing after all, though they tell me two rings mean Wren, no rings mean wogwoman.

I think it was Lieut. (E) P. D.

## THE OFFICIAL WORDING

DURING a twelve-months' commission in Far Eastern waters, "Tally Ho" has sunk a Japanese cruiser of the Kuma class (5,100 tons), a Japanese submarine, a submarine chaser, and a 1,000-ton escort vessel.

In addition, "Tally Ho" has destroyed by torpedo or gunfire 17 enemy vessels of various sizes, from supply ships of 6,000 and 5,000 tons to small coastal craft laden with ammunition and other supplies for Japanese forces in Burma.

The cruiser of the Kuma class was sunk in the northern approaches to the Malacca Strait with a salvo of torpedoes at less than a mile range.

While proceeding on the surface one dark night, "Tally Ho" narrowly escaped being rammed by a Japanese torpedo boat, a rapid change of course saving the submarine from disaster. Commander Bennington realised that an attempt to dive would be fatal, as the enemy would have a sitting target for ramming or depth-charging. So when the torpedo boat returned to the attack, "Tally Ho" was so manoeuvred that, instead of hitting the submarine broadside, she slid right along the length of the submarine, tearing out all the port main ballast tanks with her propeller. The collision caused "Tally Ho" to take on a heavy list, but six days later she returned safely to her base.

On the last day of her last patrol, "Tally Ho" sank a 1,000-ton escort vessel.

"Tally Ho" was built by Vickers, Barrow.

But I could add so many more names—Stoker Illsley, Lieut. Rouse, R.N., the Chief Tiffy, Bunts, S.P.O. Geff Wheeler, and so on, and so on. But no flannel. Simply, congratulations, "Tally-Ho!"—thanks from all of us.

*Ron Richards*

The lads who have lived through all the excitements of a long commission together proudly display their jolly Roger, which records their "kills." Nice going, boys!



Scott Maxwell, D.S.C., R.N., who inquired about Betty. He heard say she was just the tiniest bit worried. Will someone confirm or deny, please?

Well, that was my visit to "Tally-Ho!" I had sippers in every mess, and I met some great guys and made some good friends.

If there is anyone to whom I am particularly indebted it is C.P.O. Ridley. The Swain did me proudly, and it was more his introductions than anything else that made my trip the success it was.

And to E.R.A. Arthur Bull, who took me ashore most nights, I am very indebted. Our visits to the pubs, where we met the boys, who, with choppers in hand, had, and gave, everyone else a good time.

## BELL, BOOK AND CANDLE

A JACKDAW, carrying sticks to the chimney of a stove heating the parish church at Stanningfield (Suffolk), completely blocked the pipe.

When the stove was lit the church filled with fumes, and the rector, the Rev. T. J. Bayley, was overcome, with a member of the congregation.

Both recovered after treatment.

This jackdaw was apparently ignorant of the risks he ran. Conventional Church method of dealing with mischievous jackdaws—as recounted in "The Jackdaw of Rheims," by Richard Barham (1793—1835)—is a cursing by bell, book and candle.

This, practised by the Lord Cardinal on the jackdaw that stole his ring, made his feathers turn the wrong way.

**We ALWAYS write  
to you, if you  
write first  
to "Good Morning,"  
c/o Press Division,  
Admiralty, London, S.W.1**



## ADOPTION: 207 LOVELIES, ONE SAILOR

EUGENE LANGE perched at his locker, opening his parcels. All his lower-deck buddies on a French battleship were lending him a hand, and he needed it. "Another pair of pants!" Eugene cursed. "And more cigarettes—damn them!"

Wearily he looked through a heap of socks. "Too large! Too small!"

"That was how it was with Eugene all the time—parcels, parcels, parcels, interspersed with pin-up photographs and languishing letters from girls he had never seen.

Sets of woollen underwear arrived by every post—and Eugene couldn't bear wool next to his skin. Cigarettes came by the thousand—and Eugene didn't smoke.

Eugene's passion was peppermint creams, particularly expensive varieties, and he usually searched every cranny of the parcels hoping for peppermint—only to be disappointed.

Ever since Eugene had been boosted by a Paris newspaper as the Perfect French Sailor he had been pursued by parcels—plus not a little passion. This was in the last war.

It wasn't Eugene's fault. He happened to be astonishingly handsome, and he had a devilish pair of twinkling eyes. And he had been picked out from a group photograph for higher fame.

His face appeared on the patriotic posters on the boulevards. Soon his picture was in the paper. And the edition was hardly on the streets before women were writing in to know the address of the Perfect Sailor, saying that they wished to adopt him.

Eugene accepted his foster-mothers gratefully at first. But when he found himself adopted by no less than 207 women he wasn't so pleased.

Eugene strove at first to reply to his correspondence—but soon had writer's cramp. Soon all his oppos were writing letters for Eugene. They needed warm clothing, even if Eugene was already hot under the collar. They wanted tobacco, even if Eugene hadn't a taste for it.

When women asked their Eugene for his photograph, they couldn't always make cut why the picture so little resembled the face on the boulevards. One of the would-be Eugenes even sprouted enormous whiskers.

Somehow, these complications were straightened out. Gradually the authorities let it be known that parcels addressed to Eugene Lange would be passed on at their discretion to other sailors.

Lange, home on leave, made good use of his time, and visited a number of the prettiest and wealthiest of his "foster-mothers." To each he mentioned his liking for peppermint creams.

But in 1918 the world forgot about Eugene. Seven years later came a strange sequel. In the city of Lyons a woman came to court seeking a restitution order against Eugene Lange. It was the selfsame Eugene, she confessed, who had once been known as the Perfect Sailor. She had adopted him—and had married him.

No sooner was the news in print than a bombshell broke. Six other women came forward to testify that they had married Eugene and had been deserted. The majority had lost their fortunes to him.

"How can we be quite certain it is the same Eugene Lange?" asked Inspector Bertin, of the Surêté.

Peppermint creams provided the answer. Everyone of Eugene's deserted wives, though they couldn't all agree on such details as his height and complexion, were unanimous about their husband's predilection for peppermint.

One day, four months later, the police got their man. Eugene Lange walked out of a sweetshop in a suburb of Paris and felt a cold pair of handcuffs clicked on his wrists. The girls had gone to his head!

RON GARTH.

## "Hood on Horseback" By BRUCE KENT

DICK TURPIN has been credited with being responsible for the great horse ride from London to York; but the real "King of the Highwaymen," responsible for the York ride, and other feats standing to Turpin's credit, was John Nevison.

Born in Pontefract in 1639, of quite rich Yorkshire folk, he started stealing as a boy, developed the art on the Continent, joined the British Army, deserted, and then took to "the road" as a means of making a fortune.

Adventure was in Nevison's blood, and this, probably more than the reward, was the chief reason for him turning highwayman.

Within a short time of becoming a "full-time highwayman" Nevison had made a terrific reputation for himself. The good-looking, softly spoken Yorkshireman gained the title "Robin Hood on Horseback" among the poor; for, although a scoundrel, he would never pass by a struggling family, and did, on more than one occasion, rob the rich to help the poor.

Among the simple country folk strange stories soon developed around his name. Some said he could ride faster than any other man in Britain; that he could drop out of top-storey windows without hurting himself. According to the legends he was a super-man. But he was caught in the end and thrown into Leicester Gaol.

The stories that surrounded him made his gaolers take very great care, and Nevison was manacled hand and foot and watched by a gaoler day and night.

He still did not give up hope of escape, and decided to seek "outside help." He "went sick" and called in the assistance of a doctor friend. As he lay on his bed, being examined, Nevison whispered "Jail fever."

When the doctor reported to the prison governor he stated that the highwayman was suffering from a serious fever which would infect the whole prison unless he were removed at once to an open-air spot.

The governor, always suspicious of Nevison, ordered him to a room by himself, his manacles removed, and to be tended by a nurse recommended by the doctor. Guards were still posted outside the "sick man's room."

Nevison intended to "die of fever"—but ran up against



a difficulty when it was explained that the bodies of criminals who died in prison were always inspected by the governor before burial.

The nurse, who had in the past tended many fever victims, hid in her pocket a bottle of dye and a paint brush. This she applied to the highwayman's body to resemble plague spots, and in general made him look the perfect corpse!

A coffin was ordered, but before Nevison's body could be removed the governor ordered a jury to be empanelled. While the twelve jurymen examined him—not too carefully, for they did not wish to catch the plague!—Nevison lay still, holding his breath.

They brought in a verdict of "Death by plague," and the highwayman, inside the coffin, and fearing he might be suffocated, was taken out of Leicester Gaol.

Nevison next moved south and operated between London and Chatham, resuming his "money-or-your-life" activities. Many thought he was a ghost, having heard of his death, and more uncanny stories grew up around Nevison's name.

At Gad's Hill he performed a robbery upon a very important personage, who recognised him. Realising that he would be in a very difficult position unless he proved them wrong, Nevison hit upon the ideal alibi.

He decided to ride to York, 190 miles away. He accomplished the distance in 15 hours on his bay mare, and did succeed in saving himself from serious trouble.

By now he was a rich man and could have retired, but he loved adventure, and eventually fell once more into the hands of the law. This time he was watched closely. On May 4th, 1685, he was hanged, and buried at once in an oak coffin by the side of the gallows.

## Drama in the Larder

A CUP of "char" at four is so much part of our everyday lives that we're inclined to take it for granted. But there's quite a story behind the packet of tea.

When tea was first introduced to this country, just 300 years ago, it was spelled "tee." It was so expensive that only the rich could afford to drink it at breakfast instead of beer!

The Government soon decided that such a luxury should be taxed—and drinkers had to pay 1s. 6d. a gallon in tax. You bought it at the chemist's or in hardware shops.

Before the war we imported over 500,000,000lbs. of tea every year, and we're somehow managing to keep on drinking it, even though the ration bursts at the seams. A cup of tea can make an awful lot of difference when you're tired, cold, or generally "brassed."

The Government is wise to let us hang on to our tea ration. In 1773 we lost America through a mismanaged "Tea Party" in Boston.

Another little war-time luxury that means a great deal is the chocolate bar. No emergency kit is without a slab of chocolate.

The famous brown bean arrived here from Africa round about 1660. The Quakers soon went into chocolate-making,

but it was a hand-made job, with no streamlined methods of distributing the product.

No wonder the cost worked out at over £2 a pound! But the Quakers persevered, and we all know the famous names of Fry, Cadbury, and many others.

To-day we are rationed, but the factories are still turning out vast quantities of chocolate.

Millions of sacks of cocoa beans are poured daily into vast ovens kept at the right temperature. Great mechanical mixers and delicate high-precision flavouring apparatus are geared to turn out the little bars nobody can resist.

British factories are the most hygienic and best-run in the world. Even in Switzerland, before the war, I saw two bars of English chocolate to every local product!

I believe the Pope has one weakness—chocolate!

How much more civilised (and palatable) is our custom of offering someone a chocolate than the Japanese habit. If you are travelling on a train in Japan, someone always passes round a box of little white pellets.

Take it from me, you'd be wise to decline. The box invariably contains, not sweetmeats, but laxative pills.

ALEX BRUCE.

## The Fox who Pressed the Trigger

THERE'S a great difference between the little red fox of the shires and his grey brother of the hill counties, though both are alike for cunning and craftiness.

The hill fox, secure in his fastnesses amongst the rocks, has become more of a raider than a hunter, while the red fox, with no better cover than the woods, must hunt over wide distances for a living.

The keeper, before coming to live down in the shires, had spent a few years on a moorland estate, and has strange tales to tell of the marauder of the hills.

One he told me was of a winter that was very hard. It caused rabbits and grouse to become very scarce by the time the spring lambs began to arrive.

Anyhow, there was one old dog fox who became a terror to the farmers round about. He got so bold and saucy with hunger that he carried off lambs from almost under the farmer's nose.

Every farmer in the district had a shot at him at some time or other.

But with their little crofts lying close to the crags and whins, the fox was under cover before anyone could get near enough for an effective shot.

To lie in wait was useless, for he seemed to smell a human being at once, and

would never show himself all day if a keeper or farmer lay in wait.

It was always early morning or late at night when he made his raid.

From his shelf on the rocks he would watch the shepherd turn his ewes and lambs into the croft.

Then, as soon as the shepherd had walked away, down swooped the fox, picked up a lamb, and was back again amongst the crevices of the rocks before even a dog or gun could reach him.

It was getting serious, when one farmer's son hit on an idea.

A ewe had died over lambing, and the boy—he was only sixteen—begged to be allowed to lie in wait for the fox, covered with the newly dressed skin.

It didn't look very hopeful, but anything's worth trying once, and the boy went up the hillside one dark morning with the sheep skin, a dead lamb, and a gun.

It was high adventure for him—except that he was made to besmear his boots and leggings with sheep offals so that he smelt of nothing but sheep, and not a whiff of human being could betray him to the wily fox.

He waited until he was almost perished with cold and almost stifled with the smell of the sheep skin. His gun was covered in the bracken and

pointing toward the dead lamb—placed a little way from the fox's hide-out.

At last a sharp face peeped out of the rock, looked at the lamb, and then turned its gaze towards the "dead" sheep. Then it gave a yawn, as though bored stiff, and withdrew.

In about ten minutes it was back again, and sat contemplating the landscape as though it never intended to move again. It offered a splendid target had the gun been pointing that way.

After a long wait it leaped lightly down, and the boy got ready for the target, when the fox, instead of going towards the lamb, came gliding stealthily towards the sheep.

The boy wondered whether to get up and shoot, when he found the fox sniffing over the sheep skin. His trigger finger itched to get busy, when the fox saved him further trouble.

Lightly, very lightly, a dainty whitey-grey foot stepped on the boy's hand, but with startling effect.

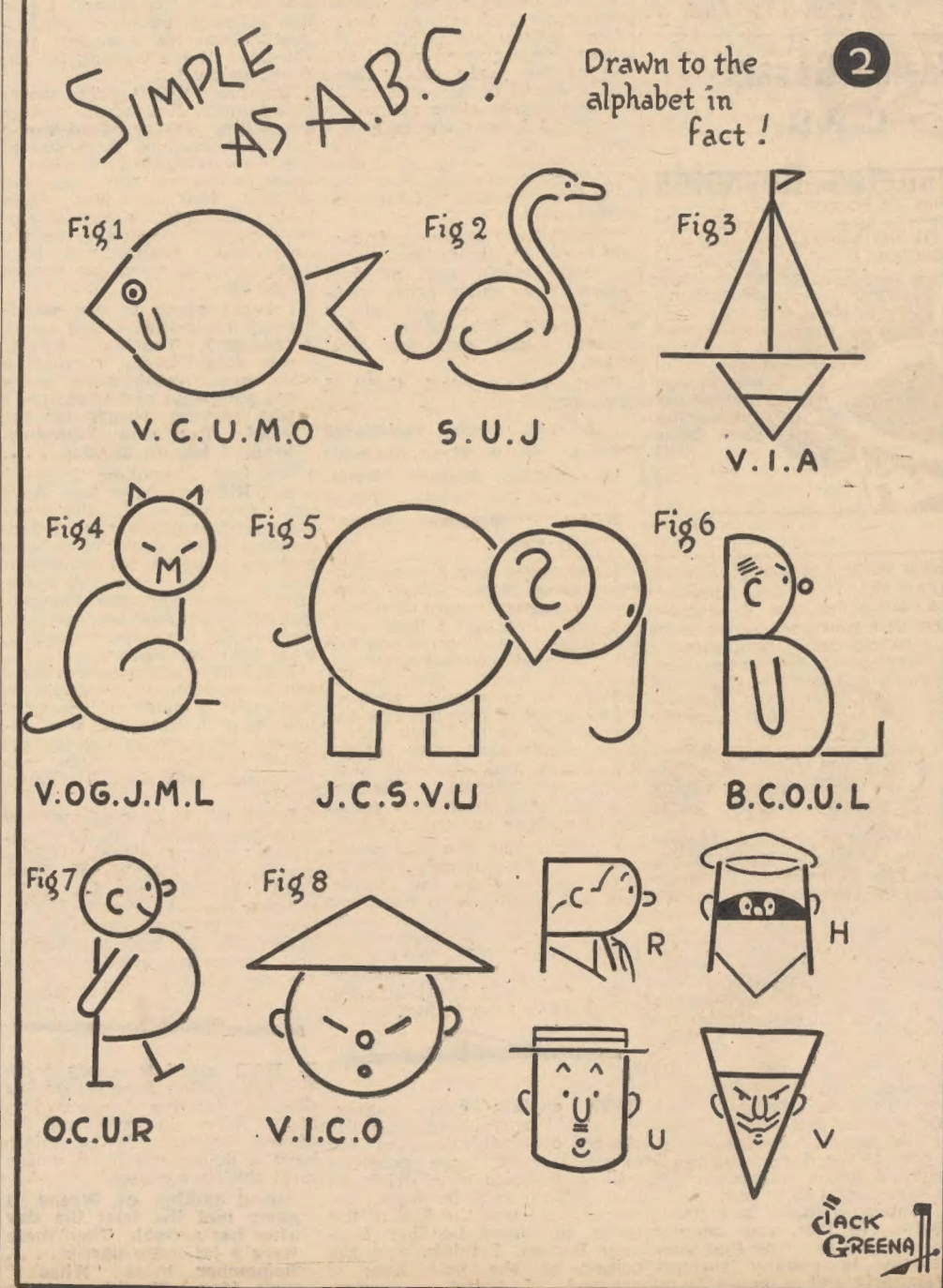
There was a loud "bang!" as he pressed on the boy's trigger finger, and, leaping high in the air, the fox went tearing along the hillside.

"So he escaped after all," I said when the keeper had finished.

"Aye," he replied, "but he was never seen again in that district!"

FRED KITCHEN.

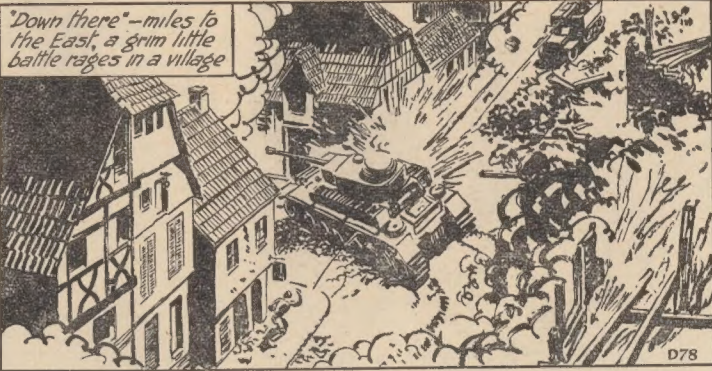
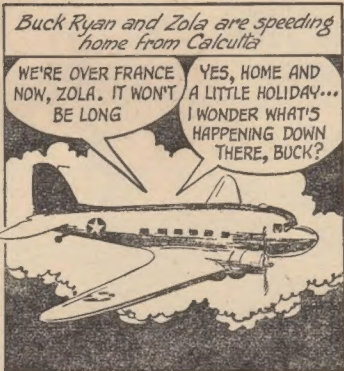
**DRAW WITH JACK GREENALL: SIMPLE AS A.B.C.**—This plate practically explains itself. You will notice if you look closely that all the sketches are composed from letters of the alphabet. Under each sketch are given the letters that are used to make up the drawing. Fig. 1, for example, a fish, V for mouth and head, reversed C for body, U for gill, O for eye, M for tail. The rest are quite easy to follow. The four little heads at the bottom right of plate illustrate how letters lend themselves to the shape of the human head.



JACK GREENALL



# BUCK RYAN



## STAMP MARKET NEWS

By J.S. Newcombe

A court case of considerable interest to stamp collectors was heard recently at Luton Magistrate's Court, when Josef Tauber, a stamp dealer, was charged with dealing in and harbouring approximately 7,424 stamps of the United States "Flags" (overrun countries) series with intent to evade the import prohibition. He pleaded guilty, and fines were imposed totalling £75, plus five guineas costs.

Prosecuting for the Customs and Excise authorities, Mr. C. A. Ryves described the case as being the first of its kind to come before the courts. Importation of recent American stamp issues was prohibited, except under licence, which was rarely granted, so as to prevent currency leaving the country.

In May last it had been brought to the notice of the Customs and Excise that the forbidden stamps were being offered for sale by advertisement in stamp journals and otherwise. Defendant was one of those who advertised them. Tauber was interviewed on July 30, 1944, when he produced 132 of the stamps. Later he handed over some 8,500 stamps, to the value of about £383.

For the defence, Mr. G. R. K. Anningson declared that this was not a case in which a man had gone out of his way to tempt another man to bring illicit stamps into the country. The man from whom Tauber bought the stamps, a Major Lancaster, was a customer of his, and, as an American citizen, had a perfect right to possess them.

"You may think it unfair," said Mr. Anningson, "that while a British subject is compelled by our law to pay, there is no penalty for an American who brings prohibited articles into this country, except they consent to British jurisdiction. Those persons frequently put temptation in the way of British citizens, and the temptation is great."

Already, he (Tauber) had lost over £300 by the transaction. On the other hand, the Revenue had lost nothing, because there was no import duty on stamps.

He added that these particular stamps had been offered for sale by several advertisers in stamp papers both before and after the dealings complained of, and even as recently as December, 1944. He asked the Bench to impose only a moderate penalty, suggesting that the purpose of the prosecution would be well served by the publicity which the case would receive.



The Chairman, Alderman J. Burgoyne, said he agreed that the object of the Customs had been achieved. However, the magistrates felt that the seriousness of the case should be noted, and they considered that the fines were lenient.

Illustrations this week are a French commemorative (Petain Government) honouring the eighth centenary of St. Denis; Hitler's birthday stamp for 1943, which has only just reached this country; two German commemoratives in aid of the Postal Workers' Organisation; a commemorative for the eleventh anniversary of Hitler's accession to power; and a charity stamp marking the 800th anniversary of the Hanseatic town of Lubeck.





**Good  
Morning**



"I've never been twenty-one before," warbled Sto. Keith Marshall at his 21st birthday party, held in the Stokers' Mess. That was certainly a party to remember, although it's doubtful whether the redoubtable Keith remembers much about it! Someone should tell him some day!



"My Brother Sylvest," is Ron Richards' favourite song, and here are a few of the boys singing it for him. Prominent in the glee club are E.R.A. Heath, A.B. Crole, L./Sto. French and Sto. Gale.

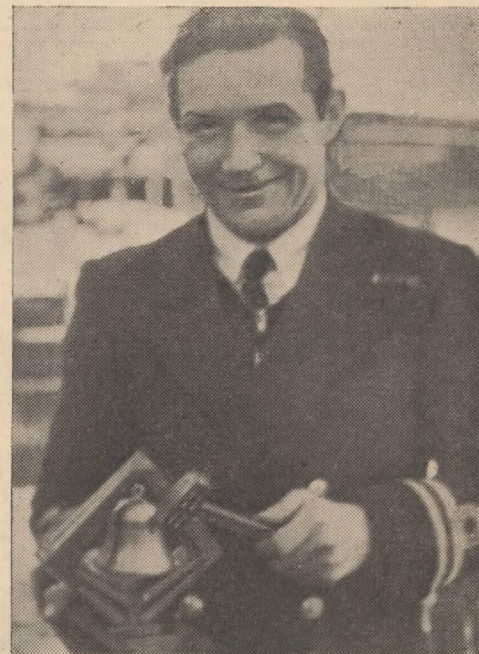
# YOICKS! "TALLY HO"



Miss Mary Jones, W.R.N.S., was a leading member of the Wren reception committee, which is just another way of saying that "Tally Ho!" had a right, royal reception!



Picture shows part of the Wren reception committee busily receiving. Incidentally, we're a little bit hazy about the general functions of a reception committee — who receives what, and from whom?



L/t. S. A. (Jackie) Warner, D.S.C., pretends to strike the brass bell made from the props of the Jap destroyer that rammed "Tally Ho!" He would have struck it, but his head was in no condition to stand the noise!



In case you don't recognise it, this is a "working" party in a snow storm. Party is about to unload the unused torpedoes. We suspect that any party containing Wren Mary Jones—and on such an occasion, too—would never overdo the work. What do you say, Stoker Illsley?



"Dear Old Pals"—Ron Richards caught this revealing picture of L./Sto. Judge and his oppo. during the homecoming celebrations in the Stokers' Mess. Homecoming can safely be pronounced as duly celebrated!